
Title: Queen Rose of Arania

Author: Dark Rose of L@M

Back in the olde ages of
lore, there lived a
kingdom dwelled only by
elves. These elves called
their land Arania and
they prospered there
beyond imagination. Their
queen was Queen Rose,
and their king had died
of sickness. She worked
hard to keep the
civilization thriving and
doing well.

The way she saw it, she'd
keep this beautiful
kingdom thriving as long
as she lived and take
steps for the future
that way it was in good
hands even when she had
left for eternity. Queen
Rose had not a clue of
what would soon come to
her though.

They had made a truce
with a human king, King
Rupert III. They would
split the land and never
invade another's with
permanent dwelling
intentions. It didn't work
so well though. The
kiniving backstabbing king
was not about to let the
elven kingdom stand in
the way or his thirst for
power. He was power
hungry and as determined
as anybody could ever be.
He was going to take it
over bit by bit, no
matter how hard it was
going to get. This king
wanted to own all the
land. All the land he could
possibly own, that man
was determined he was

going to have it.

Queen Rose only got news about four months after the men had started their reign of terror. They weren't giving up though, and the human race didn't intend to either. Rupert III had set his troops to take no prisoners...to use a total war strategy. Kill everyone and burn everything of any value to the elves that you see. And that he did. The men went in and destroyed everything and everyone in their path. Nobody knew what would happen.

The elves started building up an army. The Queen had stated in the document that by signing it, he vowed never to do anything that would hurt the elves. The humans didn't listen though and the elves weren't about to give second chances. They went in and destroyed the entire human settlement that was on their side of the kingdom. The one who was in the front lines? The queen. The king wasn't even anywhere near his men, yet the queen of the elves was right beside them.

She went in and did the same thing they had done to her kingdom, and did it to theirs. There was a layer of ash on the ground everywhere you went with the villages. But they never did kill the people. They didn't kill a soul. They showed kindness to the individual people...as long as they would listen to the story

and help them regain
what they had lost. By
the time they had
reached the castle, there
were millions of elves and
humans gathered outside
of the castle.

He told the guards to
keep them out, but there
were way to many. Queen
Rose went in there by
herself, as she shoved all
guards aside. She stepped
in front of the panic
stricken King Rupert III
and stood there,
expressionless. He asked
her why she was doing
this. "Because you are
selfish. You do what's
right for yourself, yet
the only thing you care
about the people for is
taxes."she said simply. The
man saw her hand on the
hilt of the sword.

He had fear running
through him and he felt
like a cornered mouse
being looked at by a
large and hungry stray
cat.

Rose whipped out her
sword and there was a
sound of cutting. The
King looked up with fear
in his eyes but saw that
the only thing she had
done was slice the
curtains, leaving an A
shaped cut.

"Never do this to Arania
again, and we shall spare
you. Let your power
hungry ways over come
the worries for the
wellfare of the people. Go
ahead and do that, and
you will not live to see
another day.

Because of your
selfishness, you have
caused that for many
well meaning and honest
beings. You are a true
disgrace Rupert."she said
as she quietly walked out

side, mounted her horse,
and led the rest of her
people back home.

King Rupert finished his
term as king that year,
and allowed his son the
throne. His son ruled well,
and the people lived
happily. Best of all
though, Arania was never
harmed again.